

Brethren Evangelist

"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Jesus

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FOREVER

B. C. MOOMAW

One Sabbath morn when Spring was sweetly blooming,
And birds poured forth their joyous strains of song,
And summer zephyrs from the southland floating
Revived the fields, and waked the flowery throng.

I wandered to the silent place of sorrow
Where many a green grave hides the precious dead,
And vainly gazed into that endless morrow
To which our loved ones have forever fled.

Forever ! Oh how many, crushed and broken,
How many spirits have, despairing, heard
That sound which oft is grief's eternal token,
The dreadful knelling of that awful word.

How many since the world's remote foundation
Have learned this bitterness of grief to know.
How many plunge from rapture's high elation
Into the deep, dark depths of earthly woe.

From Eden's fall, and down the rolling ages
The wail of the bereaved in every clime
Resounds, for blooming youth and hoary sages
Have vanished from the narrow realms of time.

How well the Tempter in his dreadful malice
Diffused the fatal poison of his breath,
And pressed to every human lip the chalice
Filled with the dregs and bitterness of death.

But the destroyer, Time, is growing hoary,
And soon will end his sanguinary strife.
We almost see the vision of the glory
Of Christ, the resurrection and the life.

That vision of our peace shall vanish never.
We shall rejoice in His eternal light,
And in the bliss of that divine forever
Forget the weeping of this present night.